CHILDREN'S DEPT.

Main Library
Children's Room

PUBLIC LIBRARY
FEB 2 J 1928
DETROIT

X

THE HORN BOOK

Magazine

Published Four Times a Year

By

The Bookshop for Boys and Girls

WOMEN'S EDUCATIONAL AND INDUSTRIAL UNION
270 Boylston Street, Boston, Mass.

February
1 9 2 8

VOLUME IV
NUMBER 1

Randolph Caldecott's drawings adapted and reproduced through the courtesy of Frederick Warne & Company

MAIN LIBRARY CHILDREN'S ROOM
J050 1928
REFERENCE C.2
CATALOGED
V.4

THE HORN BOOK

Volume IV FEBRUARY, 1928 *Number 1*

TABLE OF CONTENTS

PAGE

As One Reader to Another. By May Lamberton Becker 3

May Lamberton Becker and Her "Adventures in Reading." By Bertha E. Mahony 9

He Who Reads May Fly. By Louis Felix Ranlett 13

Elsa Beskow. By Marion Bromley Newton 21

A Breton Idyll. By Helen Martin 31

Folk Tales Interpreting a People. By Frances Jenkins Olcott 37

A Critical Review of Van Loon's America 42

The Hunt Breakfast 44

A Visit to Beatrix Potter. By Henry P. Coolidge 48

A Plea for Young Players. By Alta E. Thompson 54

Special Lending Collections 61

Published Quarterly in February, May, August and November
by THE BOOKSHOP FOR BOYS AND GIRLS
Women's Educational and Industrial Union, 270 Boylston Street, Boston

Editor: BERTHA E. MAHONY
Assistant Editor: ELINOR WHITNEY

Subscription price, $1.00; single copies, 25 cents

Entered as second class matter March 10, 1926, at the Post Office at Boston, Massachusetts, under the Act of March 3, 1879

Copyrighted, 1928, in the United States
by the Women's Educational and Industrial Union, Boston

PUBLIC LIBRARY

MAY LAMBERTON BECKER

PUBLIC LIBRARY
DETROIT MICH.

THE HORN BOOK

Volume IV FEBRUARY, 1928 *Number 1*

AS ONE READER TO ANOTHER

By May Lamberton Becker

"If at fifteen you are reading only the books written for that age, by twenty the chances are that you will not be reading at all."

Most people would not find it easy to separate their adolescent reading from that of their childhood, any more than they could tell just when they consciously slipped from childhood into youth. But I can name the very book that first I read as a young person, no longer a child. The reasons for this accuracy are easy to set down.

I did not go to school until I went to High School: until then I was taught at home, mainly by my mother, who was — and still is — a genius in passing on a love of study and the knack of doing it. So the mornings were by no means over when I was free for shinny, football, campfire cookery, and the consuming of all the books in our book-loving house and most of those in the neighborhood. Our neighbors, however, kept theirs locked behind glass, and it was not the thing for a visiting child to ask that the keys be produced for her selection. In our house no bookcases were locked at all; I took my chance along with the rest of the family. Only one novel that my father enjoyed he thought I'd better put off until I was older: this was a detective story translated from the French. He told me that this author was a specialist in a side of life that was to him all of life that there was, and that he would rather I would see more of the world for myself before I looked at it through his eyes. This seemed to me reasonable, and so, though he never

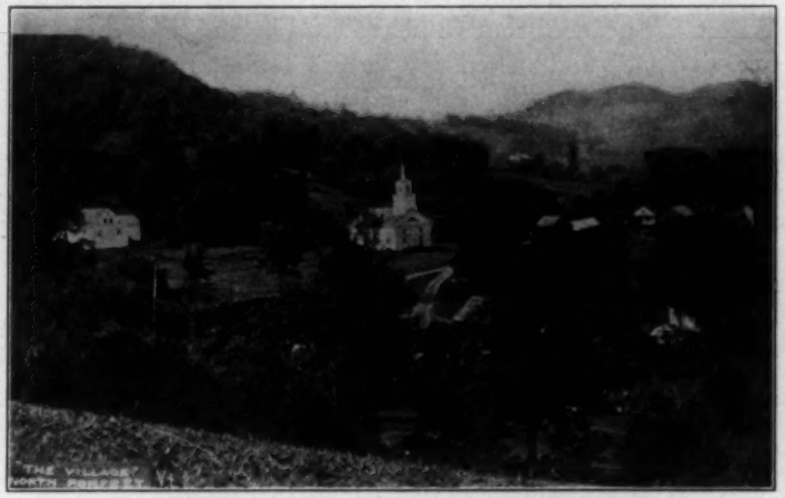
asked me if I had taken his advice, I really did. He died before he thought to remove the taboo, and it was years before it seemed to me quite polite to him to read this book, but when I did, I understood what he meant, so well, indeed, that I used the same reasoning for the one book — a quite different one — that I asked my daughter not to read yet, and she agreed in the same spirit.

Mrs. Becker's Home in Vermont

But everything else was there for me if I wanted it, and so by tasting sometimes and sometimes by chewing, sometimes, indeed, in gulps, I went through about all the print in sight, for I was the sort of person who when in a mood to read, would begin on the telephone book if there were positively no other type within reach. I thus chewed — often after the methods of a ruminant — such diverse food as the plays of Shakespeare in one big volume with woodcuts, Dickens' "Child's History of England," several old copies of "Chatterbox," with the Canterbury Tales in them, "At the Back of the North Wind," "My Opinions and Betsy Bobbet's," "Artemas Ward," the bound numbers of "St. Nicholas"; then in a period of great glory with Frank Stockton, "Zig Zag Journeys," a

delicious book by Laura E. Richards called "Five Little Mice in a Mousetrap," Taine's "English Literature," "Adam Bede," "Nicholas Nickleby," "Vanity Fair," "The Last of the Mohicans," Andersen, and "The Lay of the Last Minstrel," held in place by *Harper's Young People* every week. I read all these — and no doubt more, though these come to mind first — many times, but I know that the first time I read any one of them nothing stopped me but the last page. That, I understood, was the way in which reading was conducted.

But when I went to school there were five recitation periods and all study must be done at home. For the first time in my life, reading time had to be rationed. A



The Village — North Pomfret, Vermont

brief period, usually just before supper, was all I could manage. Under these conditions, I read "The Mill on the Floss." I carried "Maggie Tulliver" about with me from one day to another; I opened the pages every afternoon as one bounds up a stairway to rejoin a beloved friend; I read "Thomas à Kempis" because she loved that book. There was nothing in her experience that was at

all like mine save the one experience of growing up, and I knew, by following this experience with her, that I must be growing up too.

In the year that I entered High School there must have been at least half a dozen popular, specious and vacant novels on the market. Suppose my choice had chanced to fall on one of these? It would have gone out of memory in a month, and taken a good part of that winter with it. But today I have "Maggie Tulliver," and with her, something of my between-years.

Somewhat to my surprise, I find that many girls of this day and age have her too. Not long since I prepared, at the request of a young people's magazine with a large and widely distributed circulation, a list of some sixteen books "taken for granted that you have read by the time that you are sixteen," and called for letters telling how many of these they had really read and what books they thought should be added to the list. "The Mill on the Floss" often came in, always from girls at the turn of the teens. I have been collecting letters like these for a long while past, for though I am no authority on children's reading, I am immensely interested in finding out what it may be that young people read. It is easy enough to find this out, from one young person at a time, if you can talk with him, or get him to write to you, as one reader to another; this has never been hard for me, because it is the only way in which I can talk with any reader, old or young — as one reader to another. If you like to read at all, it is surprising how the barriers of age go down when you begin to talk about the books you like to read.

Some time since, when I was lecturing in a Western city, it had been announced that the next day I would advise mothers on the choice of children's books, and many of the mothers in attendance interpreted this as an invitation to bring the children along. One little girl in the front row quite disconcerted me; she was so young I feared that she was certain to be fearfully bored with

anything I could have to say. She was, indeed, so young that her sandalled feet by no means touched the floor, and her brief petticoats fluffed about her like an inverted head of lettuce. It so chanced that the first book I mentioned was "Dr. Dolittle," and as I spoke the name she caught her mother's hand and bounced straight up and down. She thus bounced every time I mentioned a book that she had read: I kept watching to see the twinkle of her pink knees and the flash of bliss in her eyes. When the hour was over a group of mothers stood talking with me, another little girl among them. She was perhaps nine years old, with lovely eyes behind spectacles, and the pinkest cheeks possible: silent, and evidently she was under strong excitement. "She had read every book you named," said her mother to me. When I shook hands to go, I held out mine to her, and she caught it in a firm, close grasp and held on — it seemed as if she never meant to let go. We walked together thus holding hands across a long hall, and only the descending elevator that took me away broke her clasp; the last thing I saw of that city that I remember was her pink cheeks and shining, loving eyes.

The one piece of advice that I can offer to those who are leaving books about where young people can get at them is to be sure that the book you leave about is not an empty one. At this time, the turn of the teens, the book must above all hold something, be something. I have said in my own book, "Adventures in Reading," that a novel should have "sincerity, vitality and a technique adequate to its purpose," and because in this book I speak directly to an age that lies somewhere between the early teens and the early twenties, I have set forth, as one reader to another, just what I mean by these three terms, and some of the books that may be so described. If these books are, almost all of them, what we call grown-up books, it is partly because young people generally read much "older" books than their elders sometimes realize, and partly because if at fifteen you are reading only the

books written for that age, by twenty the chances are that you will not be reading at all. Every young person deserves at least a chance to taste books with sincerity, vitality and an adequate technique, and the best an older book lover can do for you is to pass on some of his experience in the cultivation of a discriminating choice.

SAID JANE

Said Jane to the old Fisherman,
"I cannot understand
Why ever little fishes swim
So close up to the land;
If *I* knew of those horrid hooks
I'd keep away from *sand.*"

That Fisherman, he scratched his head
('Twas sunset o'er the lea),
Then twisted of his quid, and said,
"What, missie, boffles *me*
Is why the little warmits keep
A sight too far to sea."

And there the problem must remain—
Beyond the wit of man—
As posited by little Jane
And by the Fisherman,
Leaving it still precisely as
When they their talk began.

From Walter de la Mare's "Stuff and Nonsense." Holt. $2.00.

MAY LAMBERTON BECKER AND HER "ADVENTURES IN READING"

How ever the times change there is always room in the world for charm and, like a candle, it sheds its warm, genial glow in an area which makes for intimacy and friendliness. It happens that I have just finished reading a sketch of Randolph Caldecott's life and a joyous, slow perusing of his picture books. I know them almost by heart, but I am more often showing them, one by one, to some one else. This last perusal had been a pleasure given to myself. No artist is more self-expressive than Caldecott. One is happy today in his pictures just as his friends and acquaintances were happy in his company while he lived.

From the reading of Caldecott's life and his picture books, I passed to Mrs. Becker's "Adventures in Reading — A Book for Boys and Girls," and discovered myself in the midst of the same kind of charm as with Caldecott. The words you would use to describe Caldecott would be true, I feel sure, of Mrs. Becker, for they are true of her writing, and that seems as fully self-expressive as Caldecott's drawings — understanding, simplicity, sincerity, humour, joy in life and people and books, a genial warmth of personality.

One day last week I was told that "Adventures in Reading" was to be used as a text-book in one of our prominent "progressive" schools. I have not yet decided whether to be glad that such a delightful unpedantic volume is to serve as a school book or to be sorry that a volume so obviously intended as the intimate exchange between one book lover and another should be put to so general, so weighty and routine a use.

Mrs. Becker realizes that reading boys and girls pass swiftly to those books which are rich in content, and it is these books with which her book is concerned.

"There are books that you can read every two years or so, beginning when you are very young, and find a new book every time, just what you need, but for a different reason." Then she speaks of "Alice in Wonderland" and Andersen.

"Another book like this is Kenneth Grahame's 'The Wind in the Willows.' This was published after I grew up, but in time for some children I know, and they found it one of the most charming stories about animals that talk, dress and act like people. . . . But when those children re-read 'The Wind in the Willows' twenty years from now they will find more than you would expect from a book that begins with a mole's leaving home in the middle of Spring house-cleaning. The very spirit of England is in this book, and now and again, as in the chapter where you actually get a glimpse of Pan himself, you come upon something older even than England."

Caldecott was master of the art of leaving out unimportant lines and detail. Mrs. Becker is mistress of the like art of telling you just enough about a book to make you feel you must read it now. Her chapters, too, invite you: Novels New and Old, What Makes a Good Novel? Reading for Companionship: Some Books with Friends in Them. A Change of Air: Books of Romance, Adventure and Fantasy. Other People's Lives: How Biography Adds Them to Your Own. The Golden Hour: Suggestions on Reading Poetry. Reading by Subject: A Chapter Not to be Read (Unless you are Determined to be an Author). "For to Admire and For to See": Travelers' Books and Books About Travel. On the Journey: Some Experiences with Books on a Walk. Points of View: A Word About the Essay. The Romance of Words: The Dictionary and Other Word-Books as Reading Matter.

Mrs. Becker has dedicated her book "To my Daughter with whose reading I never interfered," and you get a delightful picture of the companionship of mother and daughter and the joy of their common interest in books in the chapter entitled On the Journey. One June day in London Mrs. Becker's daughter suggested that they go for a walk for a week while skylarks were still singing and could be heard in the proper way, that is, lying "on

your back in a field far out in the country" and watching "the tiny speck filling the air with music until it comes dropping down, down into the grass, still singing, until with the last note it touches the nest." They took the train from Winchester and walked to Stonehenge and Canterbury. They traveled very light, sending back each day things they collected, but always they had one book along. As they followed the Pilgrims' Way to Canterbury they were re-reading "The Canterbury Tales."

A Near View from Mrs. Becker's Home in Vermont

"Wherever we rested we read. Sometimes it was under a yew tree that might have been a sapling when Chaucer rode by; sometimes in inn-parlors over bread and cheese; sometimes in cottage gardens while the tea was brewing. Once it came on to rain so heavily that we curled up under a railway bridge, brought out the Pilgrims, and spent fifteen comfortable minutes in their society."

Her chapter on "Reading for Companionship" closes with the following simple, true summary of the value of books:

"Some book-friends go along with you for a lifetime and some are, as Alfred Noyes' poem says, 'companions of a mile' that make the way pleasanter while they are by your side and then drop back

again. Some of these 'companions of a mile' may not even have been pleasant companions, but you will be glad they traveled with you for a time because they showed you something about human nature. As soon as we begin to look about us in our cradles we begin the long series of experiments to find out what the world is like, experiments we keep on making as long as there is life left in us. We learned the hardness of the ground by falling on it while we were learning to walk, and most of our experience comes from bumping into facts, but it is not always necessary to learn by a head-on collision with life. You may learn vicariously through people in books if — and this is important — *if* they are real people and not paper imitations that look and sound like people."

B. E. M.

HE WHO READS MAY FLY

By Louis Felix Ranlett
The Millicent Library, Fairhaven, Mass.

Colonel Lindbergh is pretty sure to get into every article that is written about aeronautics for years to come. He might as well get into the first sentence of the first paragraph of this one. He was born in 1902—that makes him twenty-six years old. Aeronautics was born in 1903, when Langley's machine was wrecked and the Wright brothers' made its first flight—that makes it a year younger than the Colonel.

But aeronautics grew faster than the Colonel. In 1910 the Smithsonian Institution published a list of books and articles about aeronautics that contained 13,500 titles. In that same year the English Channel was flown for the second time—and the feat was considered a marvelous one. The list of 13,500 titles about aeronautics was added to every year until 1922. Now any such list would be impossible, for books and articles about aeronautics are without number. Aeronautics is too big to be listed. But it is not too big to be looked over.

The books in this list will help you to look it over. The titles are given first, but the list is in alphabetical order by the last names of the authors. The books are labelled "Fact" or "Fiction," as the case may be. In my opinion "Fact" is better than fiction, but that's not saying that fiction isn't good.

A Few Books on Aeronautics

OUR POLAR FLIGHT—Roald E. G. Amundsen and others. 1925. 373 pp., illus. Dodd. $5.00

Fact In the summer of 1925 two planes flew from Spitzbergen toward the North Pole until direction was lost and it became necessary to come down and take observations. One was wrecked in the landing. The other could not rise from the jagged ice. Weeks of work, with starvation drawing ever nearer, were needed before the plane got away. The food was all but gone when she lifted at last. This is the barest outline of the dramatic story which is told in this book by the greatest living explorer and his companions.

THE FIRST CROSSING OF THE POLAR SEA—Roald E. G. Amundsen and Lincoln Ellsworth. 1927. 324 pp., illus. Doran. $5.00

Fact

Here is a description of Amundsen's flight that *did* reach the Pole. All went well with the great airship *Norge*. It went well because the preparations had been carefully made and every possibility thought of. This book tells how things were got ready and makes the flight look easy. This is one of the few books on the list that deals with airships rather than airplanes.

AVIATION—The Annals of the American Academy of Political and Social Science. Frank A. Tichenor, editor. (Vol. CXXXI, No. 220. May, 1927.) 1927. 207 pp., illus. American Academy, etc. $2.00

Fact

Fortunately, the alphabetical arrangement of the list brings this book near the top, for it comes very near being a first choice in books on aeronautics. It looks like a magazine because it has paper covers, though it deserves boards, but it is a full-fledged book. It contains twenty-seven articles, many of them illustrated. The editor of *The Aero Digest* tells of the first flight; a member of the Curtis Flying Service describes the process of learning to fly; General Mitchell, the former chief of the army air service, writes on airplanes in national defense; the Second Assistant Postmaster General gives the story of the air mail; the air regulations are printed in full; members of the first round-the-world flight tell their story—and more. The illustrations are first class.

BOB THORPE, SKY FIGHTER, IN THE LAFAYETTE FLYING CORPS—Austin Bishop. 1919. 273 pp., illus. Harcourt. $1.75

Fiction

The author of this yarn, which is filled with incidents of battle above the clouds and among the bursting anti-aircraft shells, was for two years a pilot on the French and Italian fronts during the World War. The corps that he describes was a unit of daring Americans who enlisted in the French army and served as its foremost aviators throughout the four years of the battle. A particularly interesting feature of the book is the way in which it describes some of the elaborate turns used by aviators in combat and in hard flying. "Barrel turn," "renversement," and others that you have wondered about, are explained quite graphically.

THE FLYING SQUAD—Col. William A. Bishop and Maj. Rothesay Stuart-Wortley. 1927. 260 pp., illus. Doran. $2.00

Fiction

Here is a story by one of the leading British aces of the World War. It has to do with the flying adventures of two Canadian college graduates who detected and broke up a gang of bandits.

RUSS FARRELL, BORDER PATROLMAN—Thomson Burtis. 1927. 228 pp., illus. Doubleday. $1.50

Fiction

Smuggling aliens across the border is something that has got to be stopped. Russ Farrell, the hero of a series of stories of which this is one, and "Russ Farrell, Circus Flyer," another, here does his bit to stop it. As a member of a Mexican border patrol organized by the secret service, he manages, in a series of flight adventures, to break up the aerial transport operations of the smugglers.

Drawn by R. F. Casimini
from "European Skyways," by Lowell Thomas
Houghton Mifflin Company

THE BOYS' BOOK OF MODEL AEROPLANES—Francis Arnold Collins. 1921. 350 pp., illus. Century. $2.00

Fact

For a maker of model airplanes that will fly, this book is second choice only to Mr. Hamburg's book that is described later on. Mr. Collins aims to write a book about models and, though his book isn't right up to the minute, it does describe a lot of good flying midgets. Mr. Collins knows just how to explain a construction job so that any one can follow him and won't spoil any material or waste any parts in doing it. Making a propeller is a fussy job, but Mr. Collins takes the fuss out of it. Selecting materials, building planes, adjusting wing surfaces, and flying the finished model are here explained just right. There are quantities of illustrations from photographs, which means that they are the real thing.

THE BOYS' BOOK OF AIRMEN—Irving Crump. Illus. Dodd. $2.00

Fact

This book is much like the one that follows, a collection of chapters on various distinguished aviators and their feats. The author, who is noted for his books, "The Boys' Book of Firemen" and "The Boys' Book of Arctic Exploration," knows how to pick the best incidents of a man's life and to tell them so that they shall not be forgotten.

HEROES OF AVIATION—Laurence LaTourette Driggs. 1918. 301 pp., illus. Little. $2.00

Fact

A noted lecturer on aeronautics devotes a series of chapters to recounting in vivid fashion the feats of the leading aviators of the Allied forces during the World War. The story of the Lafayette escadrille—that group of American flyers who fought for France through the whole war—is given in detail. There is the list of official American air victories, and a table of the victories of the aces of all nations. This deals with flying during the war, while Mr. Crump's book, just before, has more to say about peace time feats. This is a true story.

Fiction

Mr. Driggs also writes good fiction. The several books in which the young aviator, Arnold Adair, appears are all good.

MAIN LIBRARY CHILDREN'S ROOM J 050 N.4 1928 c.2 REFERENCE

HEROES OF THE AIR—Chelsea Fraser. 1927. 487 pp., illus. Crowell. $2.00

Fact Macready's non-stop flight across America; Maughan's flight across our country during the daylight of a single day; Byrd's flight to the North Pole; the round-trip ocean flight of the dirigible *R-34;* the transcontinental tour of the airship *Shenandoah;* the N. C. boats' flight across the ocean; and the crossing of the Atlantic by the *Los Angeles,* were all great flights which ought not to be forgotten. And they won't be, if this book, which tells of them all, and includes this year's flights as well, is as widely read as it ought to be.

HIGH ADVENTURE—James Norman Hall. 1918. 236 pp., illus. Houghton. $2.00

Fact The writer of this book is enthusiastic in everything he does. During the war he went after the Germans in the air with vast enthusiasm. His adventures were bang-up ones and he describes them in a bang-up way.

DRAGON FLIES—Donald Hamilton Haines. 1919. 299 pp., illus. Houghton. $1.75

Fiction Most yarns about air fighting have to do with duels between plane and plane. Here is one where a plane engages a Zeppelin as well, and it is thrilling. . . . "Out of the blackness above and ahead of them came a single sharp flash, a pause, and then a bursting, roaring mass of flame that seemed to engulf them as thousands of cubic feet of gas were ignited." That is only one incident from among many.

BEGINNING TO FLY: THE BEST MODEL AIRPLANES—Merrill Hamburg. May, 1928. Illus. Houghton. $2.50

Fact This book—which is announced for publication in May—is *the* book for the would-be builder of model airplanes. It is the work of the man who trained the winner of the national model airplane meet at Memphis on October 8, 1927, and who wrote the articles on flying models that you may have read in the *American Boy.* It is thoroughly up-to-date. In fact, it is ahead of the date. By means of concise text, diagrams, and reproductions of actual photographs it gives full details for the construction of an outdoor endurance model, a pusher model, scale models of such famous planes as The Spirit of St. Louis and Miss America, and, best of all, a little twelve-inch plane that will rise from the floor under its own power, circle about the room for more than a

minute, and then glide down to a landing that even Lindbergh couldn't beat. There is also a chapter on the history of flying. In fact, the book contains everything that is needed by an aspirant for the Boy Scout Merit Badge in aviation.

CIVIL AVIATION—A Report by the Joint Committee on Civil Aviation. 1926. 189 pp., diags. McGraw-Hill. $2.50

Fact

A careful, serious book of the sort that Lindbergh would like. It shows aeronautics, not as a field for thrills and chills, but as a field for real work and a chance to make money. Here we have information about air transportation services that are in operation: Cost, work done, employees, risks and safety, air laws, and all that. And there are suggestions for other ways that airplanes may be used. This is the book to own if you want to go into aviation rather than merely reading about it.

LANGLEY MEMOIR ON MECHANICAL FLIGHT—Samuel Pierpont Langley and Charles M. Manly. 1911. 320 pp., illus. Smithsonian Institution

Fact

A book that should be looked up in a library. It cannot be bought. In its pages the American pioneer in aeronautics tells of his own experiments. The plane that Langley built failed to fly in 1903 because of a faulty launching apparatus. Congress refused more money for experiments. Langley died of discouragement. But the plane could fly. It has since been flown considerable distances. This book shows how the real scientist, the real discoverer, goes ahead.

WE—Charles A. Lindbergh. 1927. 318 pp., illus. Putnam. $2.50

Fact

Lindbergh has a purpose. It is to see that aeronautics is made safe and that airplanes are widely used for transportation. Landing fields and good equipment are of primary importance. He asserts these points over and over again in his extraordinary book. He tells of his many adventures simply and briefly. There is but one chapter on the great flight! Every adventure, every experience, leads him round again to his purpose. After that one chapter on the great flight come several chapters that he did not write. They are by Fitzhugh Green, a writer of talent and Lindbergh's manager, and they describe the magnificent receptions that Lindbergh was given and quote from the speeches that he made. Ambassador Herrick writes the foreword, and Wide World Photos supplies the quantity of illustrations. These illustrations are as good in their way as the story. Both are top notch.

THE BOOK OF THE AIRPLANE—J. Laurence Pritchard. 1926. 255 pp., illus. Longmans. $3.00

Fact

This English publication, which is available in this country, is a real handbook of the airplanes of today. There are fifty-eight pictures of recent planes. The text describes the planes pictured and tells of many aeronautical feats that are not described in any other book on this list. Planes, not aviators, are Captain Pritchard's subject, and he introduces planes galore. He tells about engines and how they are made; he describes the assembly of a plane, the details of the framework, and tells everything an inquiring person would be likely to ask a designer or mechanic if he could get him into a corner.

FIGHTING THE FLYING CIRCUS—Edward Vernon Rickenbacker. 1919. 371 pp., illus. Stokes. $1.75

Fact

Eddie Rickenbacker, the man with the famous smile, was America's ace of aces during the World War. Oddly enough, he was not killed, though he took every chance. In this book he tells of them all and makes a dandy story of it.

THE FIRST WORLD FLIGHT—Lowell Thomas. 1927. 328 pp., illus. Houghton. $5.00

Fact

26,345 miles in 363 hours and 7 minutes. That was the round-the-world flight made in 1924 by three planes and six officers of the United States Army Air Service. Round the world in fifteen days. Yes and no. The elapsed time was four months and a half. The preparations were careful and took time. The whole story—preparations, flying, and all—is told here most entertainingly by an author who spent months with the fliers, getting to know them and to hear their story first hand.

CHARLES A. LINDBERGH, HIS LIFE—Dale Van Every and Morris Tracy. 1927. 235 pp., illus. Appleton. $2.00

Fact

Lindbergh is too modest to tell his own story in all the detail it needs. The writers of this book, which was gotten up in a hurry to be ready for sale at the time of the Colonel's reception in New York, were not bothered by that. They were engaged by the United Press Association to give the world the details of his story, and they do give a lot of details he does not. Everything about Lindbergh that the Association could learn was read and put in shape by them. The best newspaper stories were used. The book was written in a very few days. Within seventy-two hours of the time the manuscript was done the book was on sale—a record for book production.

AROUND THE WORLD IN 28 DAYS—Linton Wells. 276 pp., illus. 1926. Houghton. $3.50

Fact

In 1913 John Henry Mears made a trip round the world in 35 days, 21 hours, and 35 minutes. This was a record. It stood until 1926, when Edward S. Evans and Linton Wells did the stunt in 28 days, 14 hours, and 5 seconds. They did it partly by train, partly by steamer, partly by automobile, but mostly by airplane, and that's why their yarn gets into this list of books on aeronautics. The narrative is a rushing one. It has to be, for the trip was a wild rush to beat Mears's record, and there were 65 hours of delay.

Books are not the only place to look for information about airplanes and models. On October 8 a national meet of models was held at Memphis, Tenn. Here competed planes from every state. They had been chosen in local playground contests held September 12. Preparatory to these contests uniform, authoritative articles on building model airplanes had been printed in five hundred newspapers throughout the country. If you missed seeing them then, you may want to look them up in the back files of some newspaper or get them from your local playground leader. The committee in charge of the event depended on playground leaders to help them distribute the articles. The model airplane, as well as the real airplane, is a national institution.

ELSA BESKOW

By Marion Bromley Newton

In Djursholm, a beautiful, residential suburb of Stockholm, Sweden, lives Elsa Beskow, the much loved artist and author of beautiful books for children. She is the wife of Dr. Nathaniel Beskow, an eminent clergyman, writer, and pioneer social worker, and the mother of six boys.

Not long ago, a writer in a Swedish magazine said of her, "If one asks himself, 'What is the secret of Elsa Beskow's art as an author, a pencil artist, and a colorist for the youngest of humanity, one need not be long in doubt about the answer. She possesses the gift of understanding the soul of the child. She has the power, in using this understanding, to play upon their chords of fancy in a way which tunes them with the innermost feelings of her own heart. She possesses the right love for children and the world peculiar to them. With good reason has it been said of her that her own fine and rich inspiration has a natural connection with the child's mind and his expressive life. The glowing charm, the smiling purity, the idealistic beauty in her art reflect in a splendor as fresh as the dew the paradise of childhood, which her eyes behold, and in artistic expression have portrayed."

It was my pleasure in the winter of 1926 to visit Djursholm as the guest of Mrs. Beskow. She was waiting for me at the station when I arrived from Stockholm, and although we had not met before, I recognized her at once, and responded gratefully to her cordial greeting. The warmth and friendliness of her manner instantly put me at ease, and I felt as if I had come under the protecting care of that love which has endeared her to the hearts of her host of readers.

There is a light of kindness and understanding in her clear, blue eyes, a smile plays readily upon her face, her manner is gracious and sincere, with a certain shyness and

modesty when her work is mentioned. She is true to the traditional Norse type, even Wagnerian in stature, and altogether there is a sweet womanliness about her of indescribable charm.

As we walked along toward her gateway, our conversation was bilingual — she spoke in Swedish, with sometimes a touch of French, and I in English, but we understood each other, and talked happily about our many interests in common.

At length we turned from the roadway, and following a winding path through the pine trees and up the slope, we arrived at the hospitable door of "Ekeliden."

Skiis and ski poles and other evidences of winter life in the open told of youthful inmates in this charming villa which was once the home of Victor Rydberg, the famed Swedish poet. Now, "Ekeliden" is a home of artists. As I entered the drawing room with Mrs. Beskow, I wondered for a moment if it were not a studio. In one corner stood a piano with the quaint Swedish candle holders on either side of the music rack; in another, the tall tile stove, or "kakelugn," which warms the Swedish rooms on the coldest winter days. On the walls hung pictures in oils, in water color, and in pastel, the work of various members of the family. Portraits, landscapes, studies of children — colorful, exquisite in execution — effected an ensemble peculiarly charming in the subdued light of a northern winter afternoon.

She talked to me of her books and showed me copies of those she had at home. She wondered how I came to have such an interest, which I told her began many years before. When I was a student in Sweden, I had first learned the word-forms and simple constructions of the language in translating some of her books, and had come to appreciate the work she was doing as a young mother, who was at the same time a writer of books with fine ideals, both in text and in illustration, for children.

ELSA BESKOW

She asked many questions about American books, and what American children loved, and I felt, as she herself said, that she would be very happy to have her books known in America.

From "Resan till landet längesen"

There is a hominess about Swedish interiors that one never forgets, and that expresses the warmth and solidarity of the Swedish nature, when one penetrates the somewhat cold and formal manner often presented to the world.

Hospitality in this north land invariably includes the serving of coffee, with delectable breads, "smörgas" (sandwiches), cookies, and bits of cake, the while conversation

From "Sagan om den lilla lilla gumman"

EDITOR'S NOTE: Elsa Beskow's picture books are obtainable but there are very few of them to be had in this country. We shall be glad to import, but American editions of certain ones are forthcoming. We have in stock only the following:

Lillebror's Segelfärd	$ .55
Lasse-liten i trädgarden	1.95
Goran's bok	1.80
Gnällmans	1.15
Sagan om den lilla lilla gumman	1.00

progresses. And so I enjoyed the hospitality of "Ekeliden." Dr. Beskow descended from his ministerial study to join us for a little time. He is a man of national reputation as a preacher and writer on religious themes, and is a pastor who, with Mrs. Beskow's vital coöperation, has enriched the life of the community in which they live and work. Their home is a gift of love from his parishioners, and not long since, Dr. and Mrs. Beskow were sent by them on a tour to the Holy Land.

One of the six stalwart sons and a college mate who evidently enjoyed a turn at English conversation came from the spacious diningroom-gameroom, adjoining the salon, to extend a courteous welcome, in the interim between vigorous matches at table tennis. Still another son is now an engineer in the Orient, traveling far over seas, with perhaps in him something of the old Viking love of adventure and conquest.

It is not difficult to weave romance and saga around the individuality of Elsa Beskow. Her father, Bernt Maartman, was born in Flekkefjord, on the picturesque southwestern coast of Norway. Her mother, Augusta Fahlstedt, bore a name honored in the history of Finland. From her mother she inherited her artistic talent, which began to express itself in early years as she told stories to her young brothers and sisters, and, to their great delight, illustrated them with her own drawings.

Her schooling was received at the Anna Whitlock School for girls, to which she later returned as instructor in drawing, having completed the course at the so-called high industrial art school, in preparation for such work as a teacher. Her appreciation of the practical, artistic needs of children found expression at this time in her well-known "Will you paint?" books. These consisted of outline drawings to be filled in in color by the children, were carefully graded, appealing to the imagination and active interests of the child, and became a valuable educational medium in art expression.

From "Pelles nya kläder"

Her course at the Art Academy was interrupted by her meeting with Dr. Nathaniel Beskow, and their marriage four years later, in 1897. Meanwhile her sketches appeared in Christmas magazines, which have attained a remarkable standard of excellence in Sweden, and are often veritable treasures of art.

In the year of her marriage Mrs. Beskow's first picture book was published — "The Story of the Little, Little Old Woman." For more than thirty years this quaint, colorful tale for very little people has withstood the test of time, and today is no less in demand than when it first appeared. Successors have followed each year. These have attained a ripeness and a depth without losing any of the qualities that make them attractive to the mind of the child. In their own way her six sturdy boys came to have part in their mother's work, by serving as models for her drawings, and receiving, it is said, the hourly wage of about a half a penny, which sum they added happily to the contents of their Christmas savings boxes.

It is in her association with her children, no doubt, that Mrs. Beskow has conceived many of the ideas in her most popular stories. Certainly in her own boys these tales have had a first attentive public, whose criticisms, as frank as they were innocent, have contributed largely toward giving them their finishing touches.

"Putte's Adventure in the Blueberrywood," which appeared in 1901, marked the beginning of her conquest of the larger child world, outside of her own home. Today her books are known and loved in every Swedish home, and have penetrated far beyond the borders of Sweden, translated into French, Finnish, Polish, German, Czech, Russian, Danish, Norwegian, Dutch and English. An evidence of the educational value attributed to them is the fact that Jan Ligtharts of Holland, a renowned educator, himself translated "Tomtebo Children" and "Pelle's New Clothes" into his native tongue.

Some one has said of her illustrations, "They are just

From "Pelles nya kläder"

what they ought to be for children." In Europe, to enumerate the titles of the picture and story books which bear the name of Elsa Beskow on the cover would be quite unnecessary, so well known are they. "Mother's Little Ole," "Festival of the Flowers," "Tummelisa," "Little Lasse in the Garden," "Bubblemuck," "Little Brother's Sailing Trip," "Aunt Green, Aunt Brown, and Aunt Purple," "Journey to the Land of Long Ago" will recall to many, older as well as young, happy childhood memories intertwined with the creations of Elsa Beskow's pencil and pen. It has been said that her great gift is, without doubt, to be able, even among grown-ups, to waken the child to life.

To quote further from the article in Swedish — "Spontaneity and at the same time clearness give her descriptions in word and in picture a peculiar charm. Perhaps quite the most captivating are her presentations of the transformations in nature's forms — illusions, in which, to the gratifying of the child's imagination, different subjects are interwoven one with another; elves and maidens dissolve into buds and blossoms, out of tree stumps glimpses can be caught of mysterious, but never frightening sprites — the whole of nature is made to throb with life under the touch of her fairy wand. Her text for the pictures flows equally lightly, clearly, and quickly, like a spring brooklet murmuring in the sunshine. It is never without an undercurrent of useful philosophy of life, which is intended to set its mark permanently in the heart of the child — permanently, as only the child appropriates it, but never is it that which can be impressed merely on the outside. Her children's books are moral without moralizing. This is one of the reasons, not the least, why many small readers of Elsa Beskow, both boys and girls, of generations of children in our own and in other lands, have received a wealth of happiness, beauty, and goodness moulded into their lives, often without a consciousness of the source from which they originally came."

We in America have yet to come under the spell and enriching influence of this charming writer for children. Her motherliness, which once caused her to be titled "the Swedish children's best friend," spreads far over the world, and has already embraced the children of our country in its arms.

The story of "Putte's Adventure" has been set to music, and has been dramatized successfully in schools.

Little Putte goes to the wood to gather blueberries and lingon[1] for his mother's birthday surprise. Discouraged at not finding where they grow, he sits dejectedly on a tree stump, and — perhaps — falls asleep. At any rate, a little elf, Father Blueberry, soon appears, and changes Putte into a little elf, too, and takes him to the Blueberry-wood. Here he enjoys the life of the Blueberry boys and the little red-capped Lingon girls, sailing in a nutshell, swinging in a cobweb hammock, and riding on the backs of tiny mice.

They play among ferns as tall as forest trees, as they seem to Putte now, where spiders and ants are like great dragons, and where squirrels are drayhorses, and come at one's beck and call.

The Blueberry boys and Lingon girls help to fill his empty baskets in their play, and suddenly, when the fun is over, Putte finds himself on the stump again, with his baskets filled to overflowing.

Next morning this is what mother finds at her place at table —

"CONGRATULATIONS TO MOTHER FROM PUTTE"

"And here you can see how the baskets were laid
With the card Putte, all by himself, had made,
Tho' Fina helped write it, you see.
Sweet flowers and leaves all round about lay
And mamma was happy and pleased that day,
As only a mamma can be!"

[1] Lingon, — a tiny, delectable red berry, called the "red gold of Sweden."

A BRETON IDYLL

By Helen Martin

Anne Douglas Sedgwick as a writer for children is almost unknown. In the year following the Armistice, however, there appeared an earlier little French girl, absolutely foreign to the swarm of war annals and autobiographies, great and small, which glutted the literary market at the time, a book called "A Childhood in Brittany Eighty Years Ago." As it happened, the book was made known to me by the author herself. The adventure began in a quaint little bookstore on the Seine and ended at the door of her own delightful home, "Far End," not many miles from Oxford.

It was a day in June when the long anticipated visit was realized. With great eagerness I lifted the knocker — the door opened — and at the head of the stairs stood my hostess. She was a study in blue and white, and for the moment I seemed to be looking at a Romney portrait — a blue dress, soft white hair held in place with a blue bandeau, pink cheeks, eyes a light but unforgetable blue; beside her, proud of his mistress, stood with great dignity a huge chinchilla cat.

The out-of-doors was too enchanting to resist, and so we wandered down the little gravel path to the arbor, shining white and peaceful against the greenness of the glistening box hedge — and there we talked.

"Have you ever read my 'Childhood in Brittany'?" Mrs. de Selincourt asked. At the moment I was lost in contemplation of the peaceful scene. Before us was her home — a stone house covered with a riot of climbing saffron roses; close at hand the garden, a charming fusion of pastel colors: the delicate blue blossom of the flax, the striking ultramarine of the delphinium, here and there a graceful cluster of pink lupin. In the distance the brilliant green of the rolling downs of the Cotswolds, and beyond,

a deep blue sky, flecked with white clouds — a rare sight in England.

From this idyllic prospect the question of my hostess called me back. "No, I am sorry I have not, but I have heard of the title," I hastened to add.

"You should read it, for I am sure the children would like it. The way I happened to write it might interest you. It was during the war, while I was doing some work in a friend's hospital on the French coast. There I met her — a dismal, witty, beautiful old lady. We spent many hours together, and during these walks and talks I suggested that she tell me what she could remember of her childhood and its past. It was a most unusual experience, for as we talked she seemed to be transported into a far-off world. She was again the little girl running along the beach of Loctudiy, or sitting beside the austere but understanding grandmother. Almost as in a trance she would say, "The wallpaper on my father's room was — black — with — yellow butterflies on it."

"Each day she searched back into the memories of the past, recalling with intense pleasure her delight in the new riding costume her father ordered for her, or chuckling with amusement over the incident when her tyrannical young cousin insisted all his younger relatives learn to eat grass in order that they might be prepared in case famine struck the land. Then there was the beloved pony, the pet magpie, the strange neighbours, and most clearly of all, the dear faces of her devoted family. The incidents were in reality clearly etched on her mind, and slowly, bit by bit, the life of the vivacious little Sophie, now playing in Quimper, now romping at Landernau, began to unfold. And everything in the book is perfectly accurate — even to the strange telegraphic signalling posts, about which some friends at the time were incredulous; they were introduced into the French country by Napoleon.

"I can see her still, my old lady, Breton, with silver hair and a high nose and beautiful blue eyes — and she must

have been a charming little girl. And so the story as she told it to me during those walks I took down as best I could, and in my leisure hours translated it into English. The little girl of 'A Childhood' is now dead, but it has always seemed to me that her tale of a vivid past ought to be a permanent sort of a book."

ANNE DOUGLAS SEDGWICK

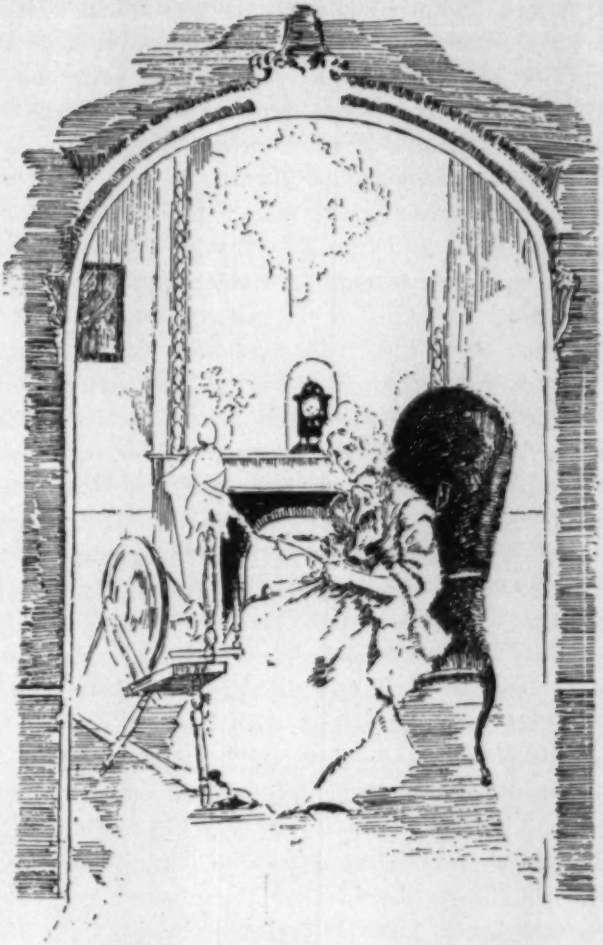
Through the courtesy of Houghton Mifflin Co.

With such a memorable introduction, it is not to be wondered at that I immediately sought the story. With incredible swiftness I was transported to another land, another age, when marquises were still living in feudal palaces, and gracious chatelaines were still spinning flax and wool for the peasants. There were the important personages in the story-teller's life — the domineering, aristocratic *bonne maman,* the understanding Tante Rose,

whose clever ruse and quick generosity saved the quaint sisters, the demoiselles, from starving; the carefree, loving father, the efficient, beautiful mother, the pompous, tiresome grandfather, who was really rather a dear with his generous gifts of candy and coins. The milestones in the child's life stood out with great distinctness — the visit to the aunt; the christening in true Breton fashion of the little sister, Elaine; the famous blessing of the horses; the grave shadow of the escaped convicts; the procession in the pardon at Folgoat; and then the poignant little scene when Sophie arrives to cure the beloved sick *bonne maman* by singing of Fleurette; and the unforgetable kiss on the brow of the dead grandmother. Here is the life of an unusually happy child, her friends and playmates described, from her first joy in the hideous doll to the last, when with great pride she sits beside the postillion on the memorable coach ride to Paris. What appeals so greatly is Sophie's friendliness, her enthusiasm, her intelligence, her devotion, her pleasure in all childhood's richest and yet to the adult often simplest pleasures.

There are many characteristics which stamp this book as unusual. There are the remarkable portraits of the family, the neighbours, and the friends drawn with such sure, quick strokes that they seem to have come from canvasses of a painter, and hang in old gilt frames around

the room — the bright background of grey, turreted châteaux, gardens of many colored and sweetly smelling flowers, birds friendly and gay, fruit trees in a pink halo of beauty, and the mellowness of ripening fruit. Not far



off are the old servants in coif and apron, hat in hand, devoted feudal retainers, proud of their station. Again, there is that quality of simplicity and childlikeness, impressions which would have been stamped on the mind of

a child, whether in Brittany, England or America. Lastly, the book is a welcome addition for its historical and geographical knowledge, since it portrays in a sympathetic way a fascinating land, the last surviving province of France where legend, custom and costume are still preserved. As a travel book for the tourist, it affords a refreshing literary antidote to the all too brief Baedeker. And all these many virtues are counted as naught compared with the simple style in which the tale is written, so subtly done that we may give to it that much desired but often much abused name of "art."

It is not a book which will achieve great popularity, for there is a sensitive fusion of adult and juvenile standpoint, a faint perfume of faded roses and Old World gentility that stamps it rather adult than juvenile. The tender air of reminiscence lingers in the pen drawings of M. Paul de Leslie, which seem as delicately and faintly etched as the memories themselves. That the book has gained many admirers during its existence the recent reprint testifies; that it deserves a wider acquaintance its gentle record of an age past, its sympathetic sketch of Brittany, its understanding of the joys of childhood bear witness.

The adult reader is delighted with the narrative, and at once is eager to share the new-found treasure with others. Children will follow with interest the life of gay Sophie if the tale is read aloud by a thoughtful, understanding mother; girls of high school age will find in it the pleasure which comes from looking back on a childhood but recently traversed. It is a book for the magic circle of the home fireside, or the equally magic fireside of a Breton inn. Anne Douglas Sedgwick calls this tale "a sheaf of childish memories," but in a far more real sense, as some one has said, it is a "masterpiece."

"A Childhood in Brittany Eighty Years Ago" by Anne Douglas Sedgwick. Houghton Mifflin Company ($2.50).

The pen drawings are the work of Paul de Leslie and are taken from this book through the courtesy of the publishers.

FOLK TALES INTERPRETING A PEOPLE

By Frances Jenkins Olcott

As a man thinks, so he is. As a people express their thoughts in folklore, so they are. In fact the study of a people's folklore checks up closely with their manner of life. Even their geographic surroundings are reflected in many of their tales. Hence from folk stories we may learn not only the racial viewpoint and the characteristics of a people, but how and where they lived in their primitive state.

Folk tales are short, usually homely fictions, composed so long ago that their authors are forgotten. They have been handed down by word of mouth in song or story-telling. Priests of pagan or savage religions, mothers and nurses, and gaffers and gammers at the fireside have all contributed to keep alive these age-ripened fictions of the human race.

Some folk tale themes are so universally appealing that they have been passed on from tribe to tribe, from people to people, till they have traveled around the world. Of "Cinderella" alone there are more than three hundred versions, from the ancient Egyptian tale of the Beautiful Rhodopis, the Rosy Cheeked One, and the Hindu tale of Sodewa Bai's Little Golden Slipper, to the delicate, Frenchified version of Perrault, which our children love.

Then there is that lovely story of the Swan Maidens. A youth saw some white swans cast off their plumage, become maidens, and bathe in a glittering pool. He seized the plumage of the youngest and most beautiful, and wooed her for his bride. This same story is told throughout the world. But it changes its own plumage according to the folk who tell it. In the Shetland Isles, where seals inhabit the dreary ocean caves, the people say that the maiden was a seal, not a Swan Maiden. The American Indian living where the pigeon nests, sees her as a dove or pigeon. And the Red Man dwelling where the grey

goose flies, tells the same tale, but the maidens are geese. So the story appears and reappears in all parts of the world, changing its character to suit its environment. And where the story filters through gross minds it is tarred with a touch of the same brush.

"The Monkey That Kicked the Trepang."
From "Wonder Tales from Pirate Isles."
Illustrated by Herman Rosse.
(Longmans)

For many years folklore as interpreting peoples has been my study. And when Miss Bertha Gunterman of Longmans, Green and Company came to me, saying, "As the Publishers of Andrew Lang's books, we are fairy tale Publishers," and asked me for a Dutch Fairy Book, I told her of my plan for a series of Wonder Tale Books from different races. This was the genesis of my Wonder Tale Series now being published by Longmans, Green and Company. Let it be said, however, that the individual and artistic format is of Miss Gunterman's own planning.

Each volume of the Series aims to present to the children a group of native wonder tales illustrative of the people who told them. Every story is selected with care to cover a particular phase of native life, thought, customs, or humor. In so far as is possible each story is rendered verbally from an authoritative source. When the material is fragmentary or scattered, it is assembled and reconstructed with scientific precision, in accordance with the spirit of the people.

Each volume is concluded with a Tiny History of the

people who told the stories — a suggestion made by Miss Ruth G. Hopkins — and a Tiny Dictionary of Strange Things historical, geographical, fanciful, and otherwise. Every entry in the Tiny Dictionary is entertaining, a tiny story in itself! A child reading as a whole one of these carefully planned volumes, cannot fail to feel the racial personality permeating the stories, nor to absorb unconsciously a variety of knowledge.

Hence "Wonder Tales From China Seas" emphasizes parental love, and other Chinese virtues, also China's rich, colorful contribution to Art; "Wonder Tales From Windmill Lands" shows the dependable, homely qualities of the Dutch, and their contribution to English civilization; while

"I give these to you," cried the Magician, "this Precious Gem Palace, these ivory plants, this wonder garden! If you wish for anything more, strike the earth."
From "Wonder Tales from China Seas." Illustrated by Dugald Walker. (Longmans)

"Wonder Tales From Pirate Isles" may delight boys and girls with the romance of adventures in East Indian Seas and among the Isles of spices, birds-of-paradise, bright parrots, huge, flitting butterflies, camphor and canary trees, savages, pirates, and Western peoples ruling the Oriental tropic folks.

In closing may it be said that no folklore of any people is entirely free from vagaries or a low level of morals. But racial folklores differ in objectionable features, and the amount thereof to be found in their folk literatures. Here again we glimpse the characteristics of a people in their tales.

The Chinese folklore is richly colored, clean-minded, but cruel. The Dutch legends are brisk, wholesome, noble-minded, and humorous. They contain little objectionable matter. But the tales from the East Indies are a crude mixture of the poetic and fanciful with the vices and virtues of the pagan or savage folk who inhabit those spicy islands. In translating or editing a tale for my Series, I omit the evil matter. But in my prefaces I discuss these necessary omissions, for the satisfaction of educators and parents.

On the whole, a fascinating way to study a people's development and culture is through their folk literature. And there is no more delightful educational means of conveying to children the spirit and personality of a people than through a judicious selection from those of their folk tales which interpret racial life and geographical environment.

BOOKS EDITED AND COMPILED BY FRANCES JENKINS OLCOTT

ADVENTURES OF HAROUN ER RASCHID AND OTHER TALES Illustrated by Willy Pogany	*Holt*	$2.50
ARABIAN NIGHTS ENTERTAINMENTS Based on a translation by E. W. Lane	*Holt*	2.00
BIBLE STORIES TO READ AND TELL Illustrated by Willy Pogany	*Houghton*	2.50
BOOK OF ELVES AND FAIRIES Illustrated in color by Milo Winter	*Houghton*	3.00
CANUTE WHISTLEWINKS AND OTHER STORIES By Zacharias Topelius. Illustrated by Frank McIntosh	*Longmans*	2.50

GOOD STORIES FOR GREAT BIRTHDAYS	*Houghton*	3.00
GOOD STORIES FOR GREAT HOLIDAYS	*Houghton*	3.00
GRIMM FAIRY TALES	*Penn*	3.50
MORE TALES FROM THE ARABIAN NIGHTS Illustrated by Willy Pogany	*Holt*	2.00
RED INDIAN FAIRY BOOK FOR THE CHILDREN'S OWN READING AND FOR STORY-TELLERS Illustrations by Frederick Richardson	*Houghton*	3.00
STORY-TELLING BALLADS	*Houghton*	3.00
STORY-TELLING POEMS	*Houghton*	2.00
TALES FROM THE PERSIAN GENII	*Houghton*	3.00
WONDER GARDEN	*Houghton*	3.00
WONDER TALES FROM CHINA SEAS Illustrated by Dugald Stewart Walker	*Longmans*	2.00
WONDER TALES FROM WINDMILL LANDS Illustrated by Herman Rosse	*Longmans*	2.00
WONDER TALES FROM PIRATE ISLES Illustrated by Herman Rosse	*Longmans*	2.00

"Long Jakob and Little Jannetje Sneek."
From "Wonder Tales from Windmill Lands."
Illustrated by Herman Rosse.
(*Longmans*)

A CRITICAL REVIEW OF VAN LOON'S "AMERICA"

The spirit of our finest historians today is an earnest and enlightened seeking after the truth, going to the source material of the period, endeavouring to separate truth from falsehood and reason from prejudice. It is not necessary, in order to make things interesting, to descend to the phraseology or style of colored journals. The histories of Breasted, of Emerton, and of the Beards all are proof of this.

The Editor of The Horn Book prints below a sincere review of Van Loon's "America" by a Bookshop friend who gives constant help with the examination of books. She has the scholar's point of view, but her constant association with the children who are her nieces and nephews and her close contact with the children's room of a Public Library for which she is a Library Trustee, makes it possible for her to judge a book from their standpoint as well as her own.

The Editors would like to receive the opinions of teachers of American History, and other readers of the book.

I have read all I can stand of Van Loon's book and I fear my views would not be fit to print. There are good points in it, but to my mind there are more bad ones. That flippant style irritates me excessively. I think one can be sprightly and entertaining without being slangy and smarty-arty. Then it is so verbose. There is such a welter of words before you get a point. I feel as if I were trying to find nuggets in a vast sawdust heap. It seems to me that it is too episodical, that one could not get a connected survey of the subject. That it lacks coherence and unity. It is not suited to the very young nor for adults, and I should not care to put it in the hands of youth. My daughter read a bit at my request, for I wanted to get the view of one who was not an old conservative. At first she was much repelled. Later she said she found parts that were rather interesting and thought she might get something out of it. She was as much irritated by the style as I was and thought it lacked

clearness, and said she could not always get the point, there was so much flippant phrasing.

I believe it is possible to make history interesting—I know it is—without being slangy. Young persons get enough of that from their companions. Where are they going to get any standards of beautiful expression if not in books? In writing of Washington, I think Van Loon says he married a "widow lady and she had two kids." Now, widow lady is not used, of course, except in the back woods, and if that is a joke it is a pretty poor one. I would not have the book in the house. That, in plain words, is my opinion of it, but I know that I am old fashioned.

America by Hendrik Van Loon. Boni and Liveright, $5.00.

THE HUNT BREAKFAST

CAROLINE DALE SNEDEKER. *Downright Dencey.*
Doubleday, Doran $2.00

In answer to the Editor's question as to whether the delightful character of Tom Coffyn was based upon a real person, Mrs. Snedeker wrote as follows and has given permission for the letter to appear in the Horn Book:

"There is nothing I enjoy more than to delve in old historical material, and Nantucket furnishes that in abundance. From it her old life blooms out with a beauty and power I was most eager to reproduce.

"Tom Coffyn was not a real character, in that he was not taken from any one individual. His interest in botany grew out of a necessity of plot later on. But as a fact I think he must have been many times real. The kind of thing those captains brought home, their varied interests and adventures, their homes—all show rich, intellectual character.

"Of course, they did not bring home flowers. They could not. But shells, curious work of the Chinese, implements of South Sea Islanders—all show an intellectual, almost a scientific, interest in what they saw.

"As to islands, of course it is known that a hundred islands were discovered and named by Nantucketers. And Tom is very distinct to my mental view, being one of the old portraits in the Museum."

CORNELIA MEIGS. 1927 books—*As the Crow Flies* and *Trade Wind.*

The Horn Book Editors urge their readers not to miss in the publicity which has pressed the prize-winning "Trade Wind" to the fore—the fine, vigorous story of Zebulon Pike's exploration of the Mississippi River, at the Government's request, just after the Louisiana Purchase, as told in "As the Crow Flies." Most of the characters in the book are true; it rests upon a thorough history of the period, and the Horn Book Editor, while having real enthusiasm for "Trade Wind," rates "As the Crow Flies" still higher from the standpoint of content and workmanship. Here is a charming photograph of the author as a little girl which the Macmillan Company has allowed the Horn Book to reproduce for its readers.

Cornelia Meigs and her dog once upon a time.

Primitive Hearths in the Pyrenees—its interest for ten-year-olds.

Dear Editors of the Horn Book:

In your November issue, on page 73, you write that "Primitive Hearths" "would be enjoyed by boys and girls of teen age." I want to bear witness that it will interest girls (and then surely boys!) still younger. My granddaughter, aged ten, visited me during the Christmas holidays, found the book for herself in my bookcase, and gave two full days to its complete reading. Those of us who passed through the room during these days were told, "Oh, I've found a peachy book! It's true, too." And when the reading was finished, "What *do* you suppose they discovered in the Violet Hole at last? The first skeleton ever found of *Azilian* man! Oh, don't you suppose they'll go back and dig some more next summer?"

A GRANDMOTHER.

LOUISE CONNOLLY. *Mrs. Chatterbox and Her Family.*
Macmillan $2.00

The Horn Book Editor wishes to have for a future number of the magazine an article which will give its readers a picture of the unique personality Miss Connolly was. Cannot some reader suggest to us the right person to do this? The Horn Book recommends "Mrs. Chatterbox and Her Family" to grown-ups who want a bit of refreshment and relief. Through the courtesy of the Macmillan

The Real Mrs. Chatterbox

Company, it is able to present a picture of the real "Mrs. Chatterbox," who lived in Washington in the years following the Civil War. The little Blanche loved to play the part of various imaginary characters, among whom "Mrs. Chatterbox" was one. Here is a characteristic scene. Blanche has been calling upon her Grandmother Bowen with some of her doll children and has been discussing the right of her relations to enter her bedroom without knocking. She has no sooner

departed with considerable manner, than she knocks again at Grandma's door.

"Come in," said Grandma.

Blanche opened the door and said in the voice of Mrs. Gregory Dangerfield, "I don't want to be pernickety, Mrs. Bowen, but I do think if I have to knock at your door you ought to knock at my door. I'm a pusson, Mrs. Bowen. I'm right important. My grandfather's grandfather fought in the Battle of Bull Ran, and my greatest grandmother was a lady's maid to Queen Henry Etta."

BAH!

When I chanced to look over the wall in the glade—
  I was taking a walk with Mamma—
I saw an old ewe sitting down in the shade,
  And she opened her mouth and said, "Bah!"

That's always what happens when sheep I come near,
  They watch me approach from afar,
And out of the turnips and clover I hear
  A horrid ironical "Bah!"

What can I have done? I can't understand—
  The cantankerous creatures they are!
I never throw stones, I hold dear Mamma's hand,
  And I don't think they *ought* to say, "Bah!"

From Walter de la Mare's "Stuff and Nonsense." Holt. $2.00.

A VISIT TO BEATRIX POTTER

By Henry P. Coolidge

To me the most interesting thing that mother and myself did during our stay at the English Lakes was the visit we made to Beatrix Potter. We really made two but I will describe the last, as we knew each other much better and it was much more interesting.

Beatrix Potter lives on a farm in a little town called Sawrey. She owns about fifteen hundred sheep, which graze on a mountain side several miles off.

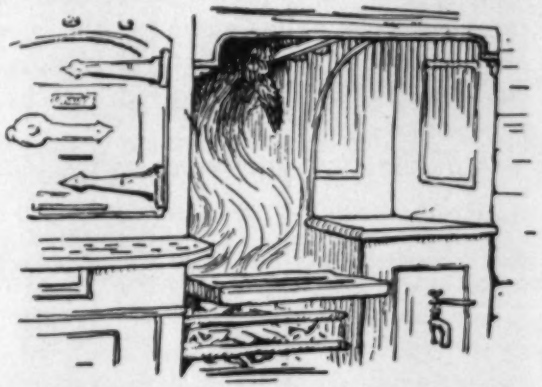
After greeting us she produced an enormous key, which, she explained, was the key to Hilltop Farm or Tom Kitten's house. After crossing a small field, which is in

"Once upon a time there was an old cat, called Mrs. Tabitha Twitchit, who was an anxious parent. She used to lose her kittens continually and whenever they were lost they were always in mischief!

On baking day she determined to shut them up in a cupboard."

"Pigling Bland," and a road, we were at the gate and wall of Hilltop Farm. It was the same wall on which Tom Kitten and his sisters sat and watched the Puddle-ducks go by. Going through the gate, we walked up the very path up which Mrs. Tabitha Twitchit led her disobedient kittens.

Going inside Hilltop Farm House, it was exactly the way it is pictured in "Roly Poly Pudding." The kitchen chimney up which Tom Kitten jumped, the cupboard in which Moppet and Mittens were shut, the dairy, the pantry, and the staircase (with the same curtains and carpet) as is in the book. Upstairs there are two closets. One has the chest in which Ribby and Tabitha were looking when they heard the Roly Poly noise, and is called the "attic" in the book; the other is small with rough beams, and was copied for the inside of the rat hole. There are also two bedrooms which are pictured in "The Tale of Tom Kitten." One where the kittens were washed and dressed for company; the other, where they were put to bed for punishment, and had such a romping time.



"He jumped right up the fireplace, balancing himself upon the iron bar where the kettle hangs."

Coming out of Hilltop Farm, we looked over a gate into Jemima Puddleduck's farmyard. We could see the shed in which she complained; the gate where the farmer's boy stood with her eggs; the cart road; and in the distance the wood, where she met the sandy whiskered gentleman.

From there we walked into Sawrey, where we saw the "Tower Bank Arms" where the butcher cart stopped, Ribby's house and the Pettitoes' barn.

We also bought some post cards in Ginger's and Pickle's shop which was exactly like "Ginger and Pickles."

After a delicious tea in her own house, Beatrix Potter led us up a funny little staircase, like the one in "The Tale of Two Bad Mice," and led us into her study. This was full of portfolios of all sorts of pictures. A series of long, deep cupboards, at the base of one of the walls, ran the whole side of the room. When she opened one of these to take out a couple of pictures, I saw they were filled with still more portfolios.

These portfolios were filled with original pictures drawn for the books; replicas, pen and ink sketches; drawings made before she found one to suit her for her story. Rough water colors of the settings without the animals, as well as lots of pictures that have never been published. These pictures were just as fascinating as the ones printed in the books. There were also Natural History pictures of fungi and insects, which she had drawn by looking through a microscope.

It was one of the most interesting rooms I have ever been in.

The two pictures are from "The Tale of the Roly-Poly Pudding," published by Frederick Warne & Co. (Price, .75.)

To the Editor of The Horn Book,
270 Boylston Street,
Boston, Mass.

Dear Madam:

I have noticed for some time now that there has been no space allowed in The Horn Book for news of the Brownie, Wendy, and myself. We seem to have been crowded out. Brownie says he doesn't care really because he could get in if he wanted to. He says he could even jiggle the type so none of it made any sense if he wanted to get even, but he hasn't got a spiteful disposition, so it is all right, and you needn't worry. Wendy is too busy learning to stand on her head to care very much, but I am interested in the booknote contest you are having. I plan to send in some notes. Brownie says he hopes I won't win the first prize, but he doesn't think it at all likely, so he is not going to bother about it now. I think he hopes to win a prize himself. I found this in his handwriting in the scrap-basket the other day. "I don't like 'The Pixies and the Silver Crown.' From reading it u might think pixies were cleverer than brownies, but this isn't so. It's too bad to give this wrong idea. Brownies could have done evrything in that book and prbly in a better way than

Silhouettes from Baker "The Pixies and the Silver Crown" (*Duffield, $2.00*)

the pixies did. It isn't abad book except inthisrespect. Some people may lik it but i dont on this account. It doesnt mention brownies at all which is bad. If it had just sed the brownies told the pixies how to do the things they did it would be all right with me. But it didnt. In all my existence I never have seen a bright pixie. They are usually so stupidthat you cant do anything with them let alone they doing anything by themselves. You read that book if you want to read a book that makes me mad."

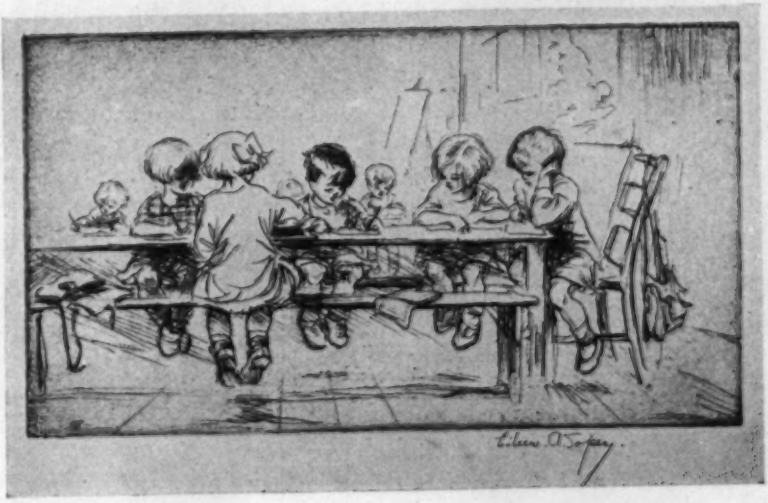
I don't think he will win a first prize with anything like this!

Yours truly,

ALICE-HEIDI.

P.S. I like "The Pixies and the Silver Crown." Wendy likes the pictures because they show her different ways of standing on her head.

OF SPECIAL INTEREST TO SCHOOLS AND TEACHERS



A PLEA FOR YOUNG PLAYERS

By Alta E. Thompson

"Calypso, will you please make me up next?" This from a player of six years while he and the other children were made ready to be Calypso's attendants in "The Return of Odysseus," given during the summer session at the Johns Hopkins University. They always called her Calypso despite the dignity that goes with being a teacher. These young players were in the cast of fifty-three who varied in age from the wee cupbearer, four year old, to the students in the Pageantry class, who were teachers. They played the story joyously, as their faces and freedom in movement testified, and they cannot forget soon the magic of that night: the dark, star-strewn sky, the cool breezes, fluttering costumes, the lights, making the stately porticos of the classic building which served as setting, gleam like an Athenian temple. They all played with no other thought than to play.

A group of seventh grade children had planned a shepherds' play and, with the teacher's aid, had written the lines. It had the charm and *naïveté* of The Second Shepherd's Play of the Wakefield Cycle without the unchildlike and rather coarse humor of that folk play. The rehearsals were happy occasions, thoroughly enjoyed by the teacher, who always took the part of any absent player. One day the angel was away and the teacher, with no claim to musical skill, sang the "Gloria." As the song ended one shepherd demanded, "Sing it again; this time we want to pray." The shepherds, with folded hands, made a lovely picture as they knelt. In the medieval Christmas festival given by the school, the players were supposed to be choir boys who came to play in the castle on Christmas Eve. They played there with the same beautiful reverence that they themselves had suggested at that rehearsal. They really played; they did more than take their parts.

Young players have so much to bring to drama and drama is so much a part of their daily lives! They give to their play a sense of reality, they create illusions easily. To boys and girls the great story is a play as it is told or read to them, or as they read it for themselves, and they live it in imagination as it comes to them. They will play with the same spirit of discovery and adventure, if they are allowed to play, unless crude hands have marred their genuine art. But the story must be great enough to let them live it; it must be strong enough to lift them up and bear them on its tide. A slight and shallow tale is not played easily —it lacks grasp and power.

Doubtless the greatest evil that has befallen children's drama is the apparent necessity for excusing its existence. Using drama as a means to raise money is one of the excuses which seems most common; and another is the use of drama as an educational handmaiden, or perhaps better, scrubwoman. Both of these uses influence the selection of material to be played and the manner of its playing.

Caps for the players in the school band, books for the library, money for athletics, a church carpet — everything from installing drinking fountains to erecting memorials for the dead — is met with the response, "Let's give a play." Of course, the play must have no royalty, for all of the money is needed for the cause. It must be light and funny to draw a crowd. The costumes must be modern, because period costumes take so much time. The lines must be easy, for young people are so busy.

Afternoons and evenings go by in the rehearsal of the silly thing, a play with little merit and no art, all to raise money for a worthy object. It is all too familiar and too sordid to dwell upon. It is countenanced and practiced by people who prate of dramatic instinct, opportunities for self-expression, and educational dramatics. As if playing needed a reason, a pedagogical dogma, or an excuse!

School plays are sandwiched in after everything else is done. They come under the comprehensive title, extra-curricular activities. Anybody who is indefatigable and long-suffering is asked to be "coach" — an obnoxious title. Any play will serve so long as it will fulfill the requirements: light, easy, funny, and without royalty. The success of the entertainment is measured by the way in which it "goes over," or by the amount of money raised. And so drama is "jazzed," and boys and girls leave school with few standards, but with the complacency that comes from doing cheap things. They know pitifully little of an art which repays so richly for the time and study devoted to it.

Drama as a device is too well known and too generally deplored to be enlarged upon here. Plays to suit every occasion, to make school subjects easy, or to popularize and advertise departments, flaunt under the name of drama.

Perhaps the excuses to justify drama are a part of our Puritan inheritance. They may well be a hang-over from the days when all things useless and vain were banned, when "stage plaies" were an abomination, when May Poles were ordered to be demolished because of their idolatrous traditions, when fairy stories and myths were heinous and ungodly.

In the records of the Puritan protests is the scornful reproach of one Puritan who had evidently sat through some plays by the boy actors so popular in the time of Queen Elizabeth. "Sometimes you shall see nothing but the adventures of an amorous knight, passing from countrie to countrie for the love of his lady, encountring many a terrible monster made of broune paper, and at his retorne is so wonderfully changed that he cannot be knowne but by some posie in his tablet, or by a broken ring, or a hankircher, or a piece of cockle shell. What learne you by that?"

This is the keynote of the so-called educational dramatics. The Puritan who went to see the boys play to

ascertain the uselessness of their drama, would nod his cropped head approvingly if he could see the undramatic plays for Better Speech Week, the pageants with Health as monarch, and Clean Teeth, Fresh Air, and a Spinach Diet as loyal subjects. He would not ban those as "stage plaies."

It is interesting to dip into the history of young people in the drama of England. No girls seem to have taken part in the drama of early days. They, no doubt, were interested spectators when occasion permitted. In folk drama we find a rollicking procession of Robin Hood players,. Saint George and the Dragon, sword dancers, hobbyhorses and mummers playing on the village green or in the halls of stately castles. On heydays and holidays history and legend lived again in the quaint, crude plays; Saxon and Dane met in weird array on vicious hobbyhorses, King Arthur and his knights met and tourneyed, kings were crowned and dragons slain.

In the dim Cathedral at Christmas season, choir boys and men played the Christmas story. One young man was Gabriel, another Mary, others were shepherds and wise men. All the townspeople gathered to see the story played with reverence and with joy. The guilds continued the traditional plays, and records show parts for small boys, "the least that can play." In the schools, boys played Latin and English dramas in honor of their patron saints, as well as plays of a more hilarious nature. Of course, in the schools connected with the church choirs, the boys looked forward to the mummings and disguisings known as the Feast of Fools; they chose their Boy Bishops and Lords of Misrule.

As early as 1110, Godefrey of Le Mans, headmaster of the monastery school at Dunstable, gave his play of "St. Catherine." For costumes, he borrowed robes from the Abbey of St. Albans, to which the school belonged. His lodgings and the robes burned that night. As com-

pensation, so Matthew Paris says, Godefrey entered the monastery as a monk.

The influence of the Renaissance made itself felt in the drama of the boys at school. Not only did they act the plays of the ancients, but play loving masters wrote original dramas on classical models. One such master was Nicholas Udall, whose "Ralph Roister Doister," the first English comedy, was played in 1550. Another master, Thomas Ashton, gave performances of original plays in the quarry outside the town of Shrewsbury. Many another record might be quoted if there were space. From such accounts, we find that boys were accustomed to drama before the days of Elizabeth, but during her reign their playing reached its zenith.

The children's companies famous in Elizabethan England were the Children of the Chapel Royal at Blackfriars, the Children of St. Paul's,* the Children of Windsor Castle, the Children of the Westminster School, the Children of the Merchant Taylors' School, the Children of Eton, and the Earl of Oxford's Company. All of these young actors played at Court, as the records show. For example:

Campaspe, "Played beefore the Queenes Maiestie on newyeares day at night, by her Maiesties Children, and the Children of powles." (Printed, 1584.) "A moste excellent Comedie of Alexander, Campaspe, and Diogenes. Played before the Queenes maiestie on twelfe day at night. . . ."

Endimion, the Man in the Moone. "Playd before the Queenes maiestie at Greenewich on Candlemas day at night, by the Chyldren of Paules." (1591)

Love's Metamorphosis. "A Wittie and Courtly Pastorall. Written by Mr. John Lyllie. First playd by the Children of Paules, and now by the Children of the Chappell." (1601)

The Rare Triumphs of Love and Fortune. "Plaide before the Queenes most excellent Maiestie, wherein are many fine conceites with great delight." (1589)

"Poetaster. Or the Arraignment by Ben Jonson. As it hath beene sundry times priuately acted in the Blacke Friers, by the Children of her Maiesties Chappell." (1602)

Those were no casual or commercial productions. The young actors had no desire greater than to excel and to play before the Queen. The thrills of anticipation, the gala day, the rustle of Elizabeth's skirts and the heaviness of her perfume. To be sure they played!

More interesting than the fact that the boys excelled is the long list of plays written for them by writers of distinction and directed by men who were poets and musicians. One writer asserts that of all the extant plays produced between 1597 and 1603 one-half were those given by the Children. Later the ratio was even greater. Many records of performances at Court omit the names of the plays. Shakespeare seems to be the only important playwright of his time who did not write for the Children's Companies. He does refer to them as the "little eyases" who drew applause from the common theater. Ben Jonson wrote plays and directed the Boys of St. Paul's Choir. After 1599, Chapman wrote only for the Children as long as their companies existed. Beaumont and Fletcher wrote for the Blackfriars' Boys and later for those of Whitefriars. John Lyly showed unusual understanding of the boys whom he directed and for whom he wrote. Marston, Webster, Dekker, Middleton, and Day gave their best endeavors to children's plays. Such is the rich literary and artistic heritage of drama for young players.

Not content with playing for the sake of art, the playwrights, after their glorious successes, made use of the child actors to gibe at one another and to present in satiric fashion contemporary quarrels and jealousies. Then, and then only, did their drama decline. Shakespeare had reason to lament, as he does in the Hamlet lines, that the writers had put in the children's mouths speeches of such import. For such indiscretion the St. Paul's Company came to an end in the reign of King James. The children's drama, which started so naturally and gloriously with art as its goal, declined, not because of Puritan opposition alone, but by reason of its propaganda.

This is not a plea for stiff, uninteresting drama or for elaborate masterpieces which have literary merit as their only attraction. Rather, let us treat drama as an art, and not as a device or a means to any other end than appreciation and enjoyment. Such an approach to drama will mean opportunities for study and acting, a suitable place in which to rehearse and act, leaders and directors with ideals and knowledge. Then we shall have plays worth playing, lines worthy to be learned, artistic productions deserving costumes and setting. Perhaps playwrights as splendid as those who wrote for the Children's Companies will write, and young players will find modern dramas besides those with the pert, sophisticated lines of the Broadway successes. Then young players of our day may act in plays worthy to be played before the Queen, whether that dignitary be represented by the relatives of the players or the friends and patrons of art. The audience will go to see the plays, not because Mary is the leading lady and John the electrician, or because money is needed, but because the actors are playing to the best of their ability, with sincerity and joy.

* John Bennett's "Master Skylark" (Century, $2.00) is so well known that it does not need introduction, but the fact that Nicholas Attwood was one of "The Children of Paul's" and played with them before Queen Elizabeth makes it especially interesting to re-read in this connection.

SPECIAL LENDING COLLECTIONS

The Bookshop has built up special lending collections, any part of which may be rented for the daily fee of two cents on a dollar. The following books are in the Mediæval History Collection. Other groups are Ancient History, North American Indians, Vikings, Pilgrims and Puritans. These are chiefly unusual books of reference, but often a few books for boys' and girls' own reading are included.

THE MIDDLE AGES

Benton	Life of William the Conqueror	$3.50
Bibliothèque Nationale	Livre des Merveilles Marco Polo, Odoric de Pordenone, Mandeville, Hayton, etc. 2 volumes of plates of miniatures from manuscripts	8.00
Black's History Pictures	Middle Ages 1066-1485	.80
Chadwick	Social Life in the Days of Piers Plowman	4.25
Coulton	Medieval Games	15.00
Coulton	The Medieval Village	10.00
Coulton	Social Life in Britain from the Conquest to the Reformation	12.00
Crump & Jacobs	Legacy of the Middle Ages	3.50
Cutts	Scenes and Characters of the Middle Ages	5.00
Doyle	The White Company	3.50
Evans	Mediæval France	5.00
Giles, J. A.	Roger of Wendover's Flowers of History, comprising the History of England from the Descent of the Saxons to A.D. 1235. 2 volumes	7.75
Green	Town Life in the Fifteenth Century	10.00
Guildford	Travellers and Travelling in the Middle Ages	1.00
Hartley & Elliot	Life and Work of the People of England 15th Century	2.00
Haskins	Renaissance of the Twelfth Century	5.00
Hewes	The Boy of the Lost Crusade	2.50
Home	Medieval London	5.00

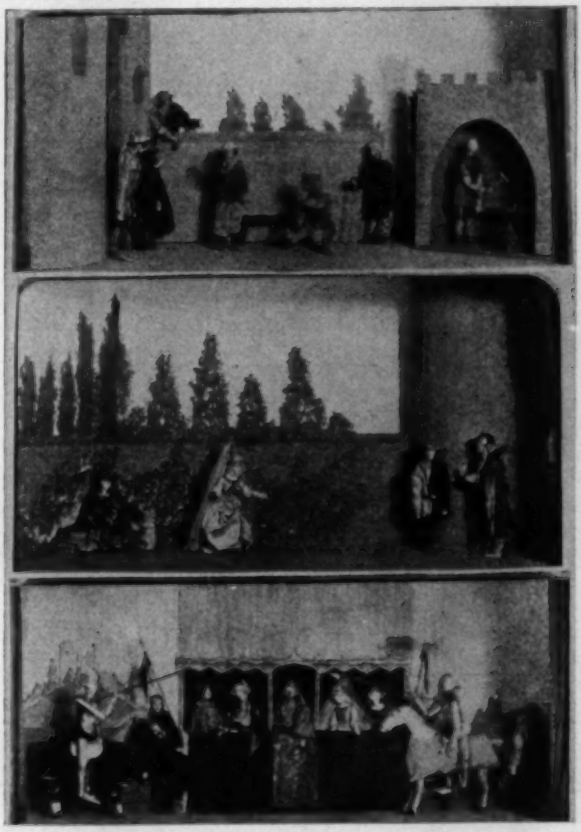
Jusserand	English Wayfaring Life in the Middle Ages	7.50
Krey	The First Crusade	4.00
Lounsbery	The Boy Knight of Reims	2.50
Macaulay, G. C., Editor	Chronicles of Froissart	2.50
Mediæval Library	Jocelin of Brakelond	1.85
	Eight Trobador Poets	1.85
	Vision of Piers the Plowman	1.85
	Early Lives of Charlemagne	1.85
	Raoul de Cambrai	1.85
	The Tumbler of Our Lady	1.85
Quennell	The History of Everyday Things in England	5.00
Richard of Devizes & Geoffrey de Virsauf	Chronicles of the Crusades, being Contemporary Narratives of the Crusade of Richard Cœur de Lion and of the Crusade of Saint Louis by Lord John de Joinville	3.25
Riley, Henry T. (translator)	Annals of Roger de Hoveden, comprising the History of England and of other Countries of Europe from A.D. 732 to A.D. 1201 in two volumes	7.75
Salzman	England in Tudor Times	2.10
Salzman	English Industries of the Middle Ages	3.50
Smith	Early History of Cluny	7.50
Strutt	Sports and Pastimes	6.00
Teel	Twelfth Century Characters and Characteristics	3.00
Van Waters	Economic History of England	3.25
Viollet-le-Duc, E.	Annals of a Fortress	8.00
Waddell	The Wandering Scholars	5.00
Wright, Thomas, Editor	Early Travels in Palestine	4.00

MARIONETTES, MASKS, AND SHADOWS *by Winifred H. Mills and Louise M. Dunn.* Illustrated by Corydon Bell. Doubleday $3.50

The book opens with a discussion of the "family tree" of the marionette and of some of the famous people who were interested in it—Voltaire, George Sand, Michael Angelo and others. Then

follow eight chapters on the making and presenting of marionette plays. Many suggestions are given of the books and stories that furnish material for these, and schemes for handling the material are clearly indicated. A special instance of the presentation of Howard Pyle's "Men of Iron" is given in detail and with most interesting photographs. How thrilling would be a correlation of English, History, Art, Music and Sloyd classes in the production of such a play! The last half of the book is devoted to Masks and Shadows and a great deal of valuable information and help is given for these forms of dramatic art.

This book has grown out of the actual experience of the two authors in their work in Cleveland, and is written with an enthusiasm that is very inspiring.



Scenes from the Marionette play, "Men of Iron."
From "Marionettes, Masks, and Shadows." (*Doubleday*)